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# The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Begetteth a Nation."

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As for me, I am of the order of all the saints, and all the saints are of my order.—*La Mere Angélique.*

In the refectory of San Marco of Florence there is a very pleasant picture wherein St. Dominic is seated at table with his monks, and he is asking a blessing over cups that have no wine and platters without bread. His companions are amazed, but even while the saint is praying the angels of God are moving unseen through the room, carrying that bread of which if any man eat he shall never hunger again. For it cometh to pass in this hospitality that if anyone furnisheth a chamber for Jesus he shall find he is the guest, and Jesus has become the host.

"Hush, I pray you! What if this friend happen to be God?"

## TO ABOLISH PROFANITY.

"Hi! hi!" shouted Father William, and shook his long stick at me.

There was no threat in this action; it is the old man's way of attracting attention, and as his persistence is as great as his age, it is best to give in at once. So I jumped off my bicycle and waited for him to come down the garden-path from the corner where he had been setting his traps.

"How are you this morning, Father William?" I said.

"Werry sadly indeed, thank ye kindly, Sir," he answered. "I'm wunnerful shrunk." He twitched the red shawl more tightly around his shoulder to show he was not as big as he looked, and seeing that he was disposed to be melancholy, I thought I would rouse him.

"Don't you think those traps of yours are very cruel things to keep about the place?" I inquired. The question succeeded instantly.

"Tain't likely," he snapped. "They're for varmints, an' I've a right to catch as many o' them as I can. When th' old Squire were alive, he never didn't say nothin' to me about un, an' now he's gone, nobody shall I do my dooty by you an' everyone; but I've my rights, an' he them I'll hide, an' no mistake." He paused for a moment leaning heavily on his stick and staring most defiantly.

"But there now," he continued, with returning breath, it ain't for that I called ye. I've suthin' 'portant to say to ye, an' I'm an old man in me nineties, an' I'd like ye to take ut down. Come in a minute, won't ye?"

He led the way to his cottage and sat down in his armchair by the fire. He looked round at the white blackbird, the wild cat, and the big stoat in their glass cases and remarked angrily. "Caught all o' they in traps, I did; an' th' Squire, e' said, 'That's werry clever on ye, William,' that's what 'e said; an' I'm not deceivin' ye—tain't likely." He paused again for wind.

"It's like this," he began at last: "th' policeman looked in last night, an' 'e says, 'Father William,' 'e says, 'there's a law a-comin' in force this werry year to 'bolish swearin', an' punish them what swears.' 'An' a good thing, too, John,' I says; for I don't swear, as all th' world knows, an' 'tain't right that others should. An' then 'e went away, an' I've been thinkin' o' what 'e said, an' I've suthin' for ye to write down."

I produced my note-book and "stylo," and waited patiently for what was to come.

"I'm a werry old man," said Father William, when he had stirred the fire into a blaze and wrapped the red shawl more closely round him. "I'm in me nineties, an' maybe I'll be took afore that law comes in. So I want ye to take down some o' th' names o' them what's been a-swearin' in this part for sixty-year an' more, an' if I'm gone gie them to th' magistrate. If so be I can't see un punished myself, I'll know it'll be done." I made no comment, and waited patiently for the black list.

"There's old Jack Martin," began the veteran; "but no, 'e's dead this two year, more's th' pity, for 'e did swear wunnerful 'ard. 'e did, an' ye can't deny ut—nobody can't. But there's 'is son—boy Jack, as I called un to separate un 'e 'is father—an' man's th' time 'e's swore—ay, swore at me, th' varmint! Put un down—boy Jack, wot lives agin' th' mill."

"Boy Jack," who must be nearer seventy than sixty, by the way, and still works on the land as a ploughman, went at the head of the list, and I waited.

"Put th' shepherd down," whispered the old man. "'E went on shameful 'cos 'is dog caught 'isself in one o' th' traps, th' fool. I've been werry good to th' shepherd—taught 'im all 'e knows; but I'll ha' no more to do wi' un. Put un down."

"Then there's th' looker," continued Father William thoughtfully; "an' I don't care for un if 'e do be the looker. 'E shan't come tellin' me to take care there ain't no rabbits caught i' they traps yonder. Put un down; an' do you tell th' Bench 'e swears shameful, and ye won't be tellin' no lie, for I've heerd un, an, many's th' time."

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